

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Jim's Investment.

By LOUISE OLIVER
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HE front door closed and Miss Martha, catching the sound, called out cheerily. "Is that you, Betty?"

"Yes," answered Betty, appearing in the kitchen doorway and drawing off her gloves.

"What's the matter, honey? Tired?"

"A little."

"I'm making you some ginger cookies, the kind you like."

Betty put her arms around her aunt and gave her a tender little hug. "It isn't my body or brain that's tired, it's just my disposition. I'm tired of everything, auntie."

"Not me, I hope, honey?"

"No, of course not, silly."

"Nor Jim?"

Betty gave no answer and her aunt looked up into her face in alarm. "Why, Betty, what's wrong?"

"I don't think I know exactly. I'm just tired of everything."

"Surely not Jim! Why, you're to be married in a month! Maggie Harper is coming tomorrow to do the white sewing. I thought I'd hurry up and finish here and we could go down to McAllister's and pick the embroidery for the petticoats."

"I don't think I want Maggie to start the white sewing tomorrow, and I can't bear the thought of Miss Gauge fussing over a silk dress and serge suit for me, and I despise the regular round of parties for brides where you see the same people and the same silver everywhere you go. I don't seem to want anything—here."

Miss Martha, who had been looking forward to these very festivities with childlike anticipation, stood open mouthed.

"It's just this way, auntie!" brightening. "I have a plan. It isn't that I'm tired of Jim; I'm sure I'm not, but life in this humdrum old town is wearing me as shiny as an old coat. I need freshening up a bit, and if I don't get it now I won't after I'm married, for I'll have the house to take care of, and Jim, and we won't ever get away, for we can't afford it. So I'm going now, while I can, and so are you."

Betty picked up a crisp ginger cookie and took quick little bites. Already her eyes were shining and the color was flooding her cheeks. "We're going to New York!"

"New York!" gasped Miss Martha.

"Yes, I've got a thousand dollars in the trust company. That will buy us a few ducks and take us to a good hotel for a week."

"A thousand dollars for one week!" Miss Martha sat down weakly on the edge of a chair. "Why, it's taken you five years to save it! And you were going to get some things for the house, and..."

"Yes, I know," impatiently. "But I've decided that Jim will have to take care of that. I've made up my mind. We're going tomorrow, auntie, and that's all there is to it. You'd better get ready."

That night when Jim came he heard the news. He took it quietly, so quietly that Betty was a little disappointed. "I think it will do you good, Betty, and Aunt Martha too. If you like, I'll send word to my cousin Eddie Stevens in Brooklyn to act as handy man."

TAFFETA'S NOW A GARNISH!



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Striped taffeta in a wardrobe always has been like a roast at a dinner, the piece de resistance, but lately it has assumed the daintiness and decorative value of a garnish.

The most immaculate kind of a street frock shows this new use of taffeta in combination with white crepe de chine.

"This fragile and spotless stuff is commonly supposed to be appropriate only for ball dresses and the finest lingerie. Its use as for street and sports costumes is a feature of summer fashions.

It's better to have a man around if you want to go to places in the evening. It's hard getting taxis after a show and things like that."

"Will you miss me, Jim?"

"Of course I shall."

"What will you do in the evening?"

"I can put down the linoleum in the bathroom and kitchen if you have time to pick them out tomorrow morning. And I can put up the shades all over the house. The other things can wait until you get back. By the way, I'll wire for rooms, if you like. The New York hotels are very full, they say."

Really Betty missed a thrill she had expected. She wanted Jim to be crushed at the idea of her going away. She sighed. Practical matter or fact man.

New York was a confusing whirl from the moment they arrived, and the prices staggering, from their twenty-dollar-a-day rooms at the Giltmore

to their forty-five cent cup of coffee. But Betty had decided not to let money worry her. The first day they bought a few clothes. After that they devoted themselves to pleasure, or at least Betty did.

Eddie Stevens was invaluable. He had lived in New York long enough to know places, and being a journalist he knew many interesting people. Before she knew it Betty had a round half dozen of ardent admirers who made life interesting.

There were dinners and teas and luncheons, matinees and skating parties and dancing. Betty bought more clothes and her stock of money dwindled.

Every day there had been a letter from Jim, but in the whirl of excitement Betty only half read them. "I'll have Jim all the rest of my life," she said, "and this will last only a few days. It seems ridiculous to be reading about matching the figures of oilcloth when the tips I give the floor boy in one day would pay a man to put it down," she added pettishly to Aunt Martha.

"Dearie," said the good soul anxiously. "I'm afraid this trip isn't going to be for your good. Instead of making you better contented with things to come you are only going to be dissatisfied with what's ahead. It's not fair to Jim. I hardly know my little Betty any more. I don't like New York. I wish we were home!"

"We'll be home soon enough!" answered Betty rather bitterly. "Jim's a dear, of course, but I do wish we could live here. It would do him so much good—he'd broaden so. People here don't mind spending a little money and Jim would soon learn to be like the others. I feel that he thinks I'm extravagant to waste my money this way and it irritates me. I'd like him lots better if he didn't think so much of money," she declared.

"He has to dear!" defended her aunt. "And the reason he has worked and saved is because it means you. He won't always have to be so careful."

Betty pinned on a bunch of orchids that an admirer had sent her. On her dressing table was a card that had been slipped under her door when she was out, announcing that another box of flowers had been delivered and was awaiting her pleasure in the lobby. "He'd never spend money on me like this, auntie! Aren't they wonderful!"

Betty turned slowly in front of the pier glass, and her aunt, surveying the

girlish form in the turquoise gown, decided that her niece was the most splendid-looking person in New York. Betty was going out to dinner and the theatre. Aunt Martha, who had a headache, was going to have a light meal in her room and then go to bed. "You're beautiful, dear! I suppose it will all turn out right, but I wish we were home. I don't like this place."

The phone rang and Betty answered. "There's waiting for me, Aunt Martha. I must go down. I've ordered your toast and tea, so you go to bed and get a good rest. I don't know when I'll be home."

But it seemed only a few minutes later that Betty came suddenly into the now darkened room.

"What's wrong, dear? What's the matter?"

"If you're able we're going right away, auntie. There is a train in an hour and a half. Do you think you could make it if I help you?"

"But tell me, dear! What is it?"

"I—I've just learned something. I haven't any money. The trust company went under and Jim didn't tell me. It was his money we came on. Oh, what a silly goose I've been. He's the dearest, best person in the world, and I never mean to leave him again!"

"Then I shouldn't think," said Aunt Martha, crawling stiffly out of bed, "that he'd consider it the best investment he ever made. Yes, I can be ready, dear."

HEALTH HINTS

This is the season of contagious disease. Here are some timely don'ts that will help prevent its spread, if observed:

Don't forget that you should keep a child at home and away from other children, if sick in any degree.

Don't wait until the second day of illness before calling a doctor.

Don't allow anyone to visit a sick child until it is certain that the illness is not contagious.

Don't neglect a cold, cough, sore throat or slight rash. It may be the beginning of a contagious disease.

Don't fail to protect the public, your neighbors and your neighbor's children from the danger lurking in these slight ailments.

When your home is invaded with a contagious disease, it is your duty to give your best co-operation to the health officials in their efforts to prevent the spread of the disease and thus protect the public health.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

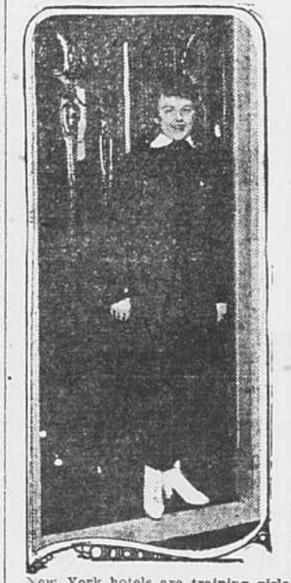
W. Q. P.—"What are some of the symptoms of kidney trouble in a young girl?"

Shortness of breath, weakness, pallor and dropsical swellings are among the symptoms of disease of the kidney.

TOO MODEST BY FAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17.—Advance proofs of the new congressional directory came out today. It has been the moss-covered custom of congressmen to fill the biographical section with long-winded descriptions of themselves, their birthplaces, ages, pedigrees, etc., etc. But not for Miss Jeanette Rankin, representative from Montana. Five words suffice. They are: "Jeanette Rankin, Republican, of Missoula."

GOING UP!



New York hotels are training girls to run elevators when young men enlist for war.

HOW TO GATHER AND COOK DANDELIONS

By LUCILE BREWER AND HELEN CANON.
(New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University.)

The dandelion has a long stout taproot that may extend twenty inches or more into the ground. For this reason it is an exceedingly hardy plant; drought does not affect it. Dandelions gathered after a rain or early in the morning while they are damp with dew are best. The young leaves are always more tender than the old ones, and they keep their color better.

Near the surface of the ground, the dandelion root is topped by a crown from which the leaves radiate. The flavor of this crown is exceedingly good, somewhat resembling asparagus. Even if the leaves are old, the crown is good. When the leaves are pulled, the crown is left behind; therefore, when dandelion greens are gathered they should always be cut, not pulled, in order that the crown may be obtained.

Imperfect leaves should be discarded at the time of gathering, because they are generally tougher than the others, and there can be no uniformity in the cooking if they are allowed to remain in the lot.

Dandelion greens are as difficult to clean as other greens. They should be plunged into a deep pan or bucket of cold water and should be rubbed thoroughly between the hands. If the leaves are to be used fresh and uncut as a salad, care should be taken to prevent breaking them. They should be lifted from the first water and washed in clean water at least three more times. They should then be drained and wrapped in a damp cloth, if they are not to be used immediately.

On account of a bitter flavor it is generally best to blanch dandelions. An easy way of doing this is to tie the leaves in a large piece of cheesecloth, plunge them into boiling water, and let them boil five minutes. They should then be removed, plunged into cold water and drained.

If they are to be cooked for immediate use, they should be cut or chopped, placed in a kettle, covered with boiling water, and allowed to cook until tender, generally from 15 to 20 minutes.

Look for special dandelion recipes in our next issue.

TO BETTER MOBILIZATION CAMP.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., April 17.—Col. C. E. Morrison, commanding the Second West Virginia Infantry, was today given permission by the Department of the East to construct latrines, bath houses, mess halls, etc., at state mobilization camp near Charleston. The work will begin at once and the camp made for permanent accommodation of troops.

Ferns That Grow Everywhere.

Two ferns are common throughout the world. One is the common brake found on the floors of all California canyons, known as *Pteridium aquilinum*. The other is the polypod found on rocky canyon sides and known here as *Polypodium Californicum*, and elsewhere, the world over as *Polypodium vulgare*. The specific differences are due entirely to geographic range.

Housewife's Wail.

"Dad, what was the labor of Sisyphus?" "Sisyphus rolled a stone up a hill, and as fast as he rolled it up it rolled down again. It was a mythological episode. Nothing like that today."

"Oh, I don't know," interposed ma. "Washing dishes is just like that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Newer Suits!

A SHIPMENT of Tailored Models in a dozen different Styles, Made of Men's Wear Serge, some are braid bound with large buckles and picturesque collars.

Tub Silk Blouses \$1.98
Chic Styles, Well Made, Exceptional Values.

\$29.75 -- \$34.50

Suits at \$19.75

New and pleasing Styles in fine Poplin and Serge Materials, all silk lined—Every new color is here and the size range is up to 42. We consider these exceptional values for the price at \$19.75

OSGOOD'S "The Best Place to Shop, After All"

ODD, ISN'T IT?



NEW YORK—Four-year-old Baltimore girl was so energetic with spring feeling, she picked \$20 worth of flowers in a hotel florist shop.

PARISIAN SAGE

HELPS TO PUT HAIR ON YOUR HEAD AND KEEP IT THERE. FINE FOR DANDRUFF.

Here's good news for men and women whose hair is falling, who are getting bald and whose scalps are covered with dandruff that nothing seems to keep away and whose heads itch like mad. Mt. City Drug Co. has secured the agency for Parisian Sage, a simple hair invigorator that is so certain in its tonic action and so sure of giving the limit of satisfaction, that they sell it with offer of money refunded if it does not abolish dandruff, stop itching head, and not only check excessive loss of hair, but stimulate a new growth.

Parisian Sage is a delicately perfumed antiseptic liquid, which when massaged into the scalp goes right down to the hair roots and furnishes them with the nourishment that is lacking to make the hair grow and show more life and vitality. Parisian Sage not only stimulates hair growth, but beautifies it so that it is a favorite dressing of women who take pride in beautiful hair that appears much heavier than it really is. A large bottle is inexpensive.

THE GROWING GIRL

A girl when in her teens is passing through a critical period of her life. The transition from childhood to maturity is not always easy; consequently, in many cases health breaks down entirely and the girl goes into a decline and dies young. If she escapes this fate, she may fall into a state of permanent ill health. It is of the utmost importance, in order to insure normal and healthy development, that proper precautions be taken, and nothing has proved more helpful than the faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great woman's medicine and tonic.

OLD PRESCRIPTIONS FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

A medicinal preparation like Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, that has real curative value almost sells itself. Like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a physician's prescription. It has been tested for years and has brought results to countless numbers who have suffered.

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism. Do not suffer. Get a bottle of Swamp-Root from any druggist now. Start treatment today.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention The West Virginian.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"Wait for me, Margie," called Dick. I paid not the slightest attention to him. I wished I never had to speak to him again, never to look upon his face.

"If I were sure Malcolm Stuart were drowned," I whispered to myself, "I would swim out until I could swim no longer and go with him to a farther shore even than that he had asked me to."

For the first time since I had known him I told myself I loved him and I upbraided myself for not telling him so when he asked me just before he swam out to eternity.

You see, little book, I was sure he was dead, was sure he would never speak to me again and because of this felt a great rush of love for him I had never felt before.

Perhaps this was because of my puritanical conscience which would not let me, a married woman, love any other man while living with another as his wife. It is very hard to analyze my feelings, little book, as I rushed in shore followed by Dick.

One moment I was saying to myself, "Come back, Malcolm, come back to me and I'll tell you I love you, will go anywhere with you." The next moment I was monotonously murmuring, "He is dead, he is dead and I am tied to the coward to let him die."

Almost the biggest breaker I ever saw struck me unaware and I was bowled over. I did not try to help myself at all, but Dick had come up behind me by this time and putting his arms around me said, "Steady now, Margie, steady."

I fought him off with all my strength. "Don't touch me, leave me alone," I screamed.

"I can't leave you drown," he answered.

"Oh, go on. You bet you can. That seems to be one of the best little things you do."

At the time I did not realize I was talking slang and it must have sounded cross and hard to Dick. I was under such powerful excitement I think I was like a person who says things under an anesthetic she would never have thought in her normal mind.

I have noticed all through my life that under great stress of feeling I have been sarcastic and not particular about my English. I wonder if subconsciously there is another Margie Waverly even I do not know.

It was only when Dick set me on my feet near shore without a word and then strode up to the first aid tent that I realized what I had said and then, little book, I laughed hysterical—yes, strange as it may seem, I sat

down in the shallow water right where the thought came to me, and laughed. My mirth must have been maudlin, for a number of persons rushed to me and picked me up bodily, struggling, laughing, even trying to strike and bite the people who were helping me.

Here is the peculiar psychological side of this incident. The conventional Margie Waverly knew and was ashamed she was doing these things, but the primitive Margie Waverly was mad, quite mad with grief for Malcolm, and contempt for Dick.

"Was it her husband who was drowned?" someone asked.

"No," answered another. "She guesses she thinks it was, poor lady."

"Is Malcolm dead?" I demanded suddenly still.

"No, lady, your husband is safe. It is the other one."

Evidently they thought Malcolm was my husband's name.

"They are still working over the other one. They are using the pulmotor now," said another. "Maybe they can resuscitate him."

I turned my reluctant feet toward the first aid tent. I knew it was no use—I was sure Malcolm Stuart was dead.

"Dearie," said the good soul anxiously. "I'm afraid this trip isn't going to be for your good. Instead of making you better contented with things to come you are only going to be dissatisfied with what's ahead. It's not fair to Jim. I hardly know my little Betty any more. I don't like New York. I wish we were home!"

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR GOES TOM ONE BETTER.)—BY ALLMAN.

